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The Clover Club.



The Clover Club:

FROM

A CLUB POET'S

POINT OF VIEW.





A little, given seasonably, excuses a great gift.
—Old Saw.

The Clover Club:

FROM

A CLUB POET'S

POINT OF VIEW.

PHILADELPHIA:

THE CLOVER-LEAF COMPANY, LIMITED.

1884.





Privately printed.

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No. ~~40~~.....

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The Beginning.





THE Clover Club was born of a deliberate purpose. This implies that it was not found under a cabbage-leaf, nor was it brought home by the doctor.* It was one of the blessings of Anno Domini 1882; though the cause that led to its happy coming dates back two years more, to an afternoon with the lotos-eaters, when

All was jollity, feasting, and mirth, light wantonness and laughter
Piping and playing, minstrelsies and masking,
Till care fled from us like an idle dream.

On this occasion a serious suggestion was offered after the dinner—which was given,

[* Edward Bedloe, 1224 Walnut Street. Hours 10 to 17.]





that "farewell" to one of the boys might have in it less of shadow and more of the substance of friendship,—a suggestion that as communion of heart and parley of soul were so seldom enjoyed, a club should be formed to break down the barriers of non-acquaintance and out of acceptable acquaintances make good friends. The suggestion received a double encore; was adopted unanimously; placed in the care of a committee; and grew and grew until it was no longer a suggestion, but an accomplished fact.

The Club thus inaugurated was a source of profound satisfaction. It lasted a year, and then the Clover Club was started on a somewhat





differing basis, with somewhat wider aims, and with a more earnest zeal. It was composed at its inception—as now—of

Congenial spirits, each a self-formed chief,
As great as any chief in club-life lore ;
Born to extend her glory, all too brief,
Beyond what Philadelphia knew before.

The organization prospered from the hour of its birth. Since then two years have caught on to the scroll of history, and the name and fame of the Clover Club shine with a lustre that its most earnest supporters hardly hoped for. The era of good-fellowship, the cycle of friendship, is fervid, undimmed, unviolated still.





The Arms.



À VOTRE SANTÉ!



THE DAY DEEP THOUGHTS WITH ME RESOLVE TO

DRENCH IN MIRTH, WHICH AFTER NO

* REPENTING DRAWS *

MILTON



THE Clover Club bears Royal arms. Nineteenth in direct succession to the lotos-eaters of the Odyssean land, it wears by hereditary right the four-leafed clover, to-day the nearest approach in American nature to the lotos-leaf.

It is not needful here to trace the transformation of the lotos-leaf into that of the clover. The main link in the long chain of delight is discovered in the imperial arms of the Mikado of Japan, which contain this representation of the lotos,—a fair outline of Pennsylvania clover





were it grown for heraldry and not for fodder.

The leaf additional to the common three



which appears in the Clover arms denotes that advantage in life—a margin of five per cent.—enjoyed by the Clover fellows and denied to ordinary mortals.

Beneath the clover-leaf are crossed quills. From time immemorial these have been better than swords as weapons of fence; hence their adoption by that profession which made the Clover Club a necessity and a possibility. The quills are well-pointed and well-feathered, that





the points may be more deftly made. For in
clover

Sense is the helmet ; wit is but the plume :
The plume exposes ; 'tis the helmet saves.

The quills were obtained, after long and
direct intercession with the gods,* from the
restless, purple wings of Pegasus.

Above the clover-leaf is a gridiron,—a
symbolical instrument unknown to the lotos-
eaters, those broilers beneath that sun

Whose flaming hair
Did every day gild either hemisphere—

and who were denied the *morccaux* that made
famous the Beefsteak Club, and which are

* Committee on Intercession : B. K. Jamison, M. M. Gillam, R.
W. Merrill, Sol Smith Russell, and Rafael Varrios.





doing now a like service for the Clover. The gridiron is of silver: no base metal could be trusted to keep the palate pure.

Round the emblems, fashioned in courteous shape, is the *cordon bleu*, that since the days of the Count d'Olonne and the Knights of St. Esprit has stood the sign-manual of good cookery. It was adopted by the Clover Club in order to perpetuate its greatest beauties and illustrate its rarest virtues. Above the *cordon bleu* stands the tripod, the chaffing-dish of the original lotos-eaters, and within it a touch of Promethian fire.

Two inscriptions complete the arms. That





over the tripod—*A votre Santé*—is the war-cry of an honest table, significant of the unforced hospitality of the Clover board. That beneath the ribbon—

To-day deep thoughts with me resolve to drench in mirth,
Which after no repenting draws

a glorious invitation to the funeral of care—is from Milton's "Paradise Regained," and adds further testimony to the poet's power of divination. He foresaw its application. Together, the inscriptions teach the whole lesson of the clover-blossom, as propagated by the Clover Club,*

Whose gentle fragrance was not made
For halls of woe.

*Committee on Propagation, the officers, *ex officio*, and all active members.





The Men.





THE Clover Club takes its animating influence from journalists. Though they constitute but half of the Club, they were its founders, and remain to-day its most earnest promoters. It is more necessary to their existence, to the life they lead, to lighten the drudgery of their paper chains, than to the career of their fellow-Cloverites, who furnish such shining ornaments to the bench, the bar, and the banking-house.

The Club has for officers a president, a vice-president, a secretary and treasurer, and





an executive committee of two members, in addition to the officers just named. These gentlemen are elected at the will of the Club, and hold office under the same sweet permission. Since the organization the officers have remained unchanged, with the exception of short period of 1882, when Mr. E. J. Swartz held the office of secretary. The officers are, therefore:—

President, MOSES PURNELL HANDY.

Vice-President, WILLIAM RALSTON BALCH.

Secretary and Treasurer, CHAS. RIDGWAY DEACON.

Executive Committee, the above, and

THOMAS M. JACKSON,

THOMAS POTTER, JR.









The president is a tall, well-mannered man, with blonde whiskers, and a coronal of locks that become him like "the orb that ushers in the day." He is a Southerner, and during the late unpleasantness gathered such clover-buds as blossomed beneath the Confederate flag. Since the war he has taken a star course in journalism, and at present guides the destinies of *The Philadelphia Press* from the poop-deck of that venerable craft. His duties at the Clover Club consist mainly in a constant—sometimes frantic, yet always successful—effort to restore order out of chaos, and reduce Bedloe to submission. He





presides with virility, promptness, and is altogether a man of *savoir faire*. He is the inventor of the popular phrase, "We have with us this evening."

The vice-president is charged with steady-ing the procession at the *taggle* end of the line, and of maintaining as much silence as is possible to hotel waiters when eloquence demands a hearing. If the president is absent the vice-president assumes the gavel, borrows the president's chair, and sets up for himself. In appearance the vice-president—a spectacled fellow—is above the medium height, and sports a beard. He inclines to verse, and is,





on occasions, a haberdasher to the muses, a
pot poet. For

Poet and pot differ hut in a letter,
Which makes the poet love the pot the better.

The secretary and treasurer is the Club
jewel. Upon his shoulders come the money
cares, the letter-writing, and all the exertion
necessary to a successful club existence. He
keeps the accounts and the worries, issues the
notices, keeps his temper when no answers are
sent, records the history, and in general super-
vises the life of the Club. He is one of the
good things of this world that are done up
in small bundles.

The two Toms, both royal-blooded fel-





lows, make up the list of officers. One is large and stout, the other stout and small. They both are workers for the Club's good, which they have done much to foster since the beginning. The first mentioned is a leader of the Club commentators.

These five form the executive committee, which has general charge of the Club's welfare. The committee meets once a month—in spirit—and maps out the coming work. In session they are seen as opposite. To their care is committed the selection of names to be balloted for whenever a vacancy occurs in the magic circle of the Club membership.







THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE. (Possibility.)



THE FORTY-FIVE CENTAGE ASSOCIATION



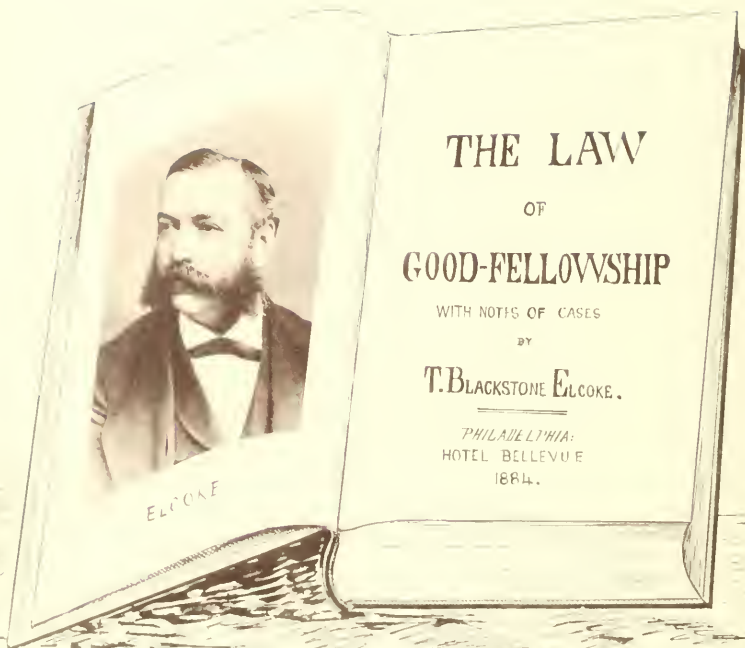
The arduous, wearying work of this committee, however, is not so often performed in full regalia as indicated in the illustration. Whenever it is not possible to assemble the committee, the duties are entrusted to another, and a session is held as suggested in the picture, which tells

A tale as clear
And bright as if it was decanted.

The further work of the Club, and the most important next to that performed by the executive committee, is entrusted to the dinner committee, three members appointed each month by the president. These gentlemen assemble at the Hotel Bellevue, talk the











Col. F. A. BURR,
J. L. CARNCROSS,
C. R. DEACON,
Secretary and Treasurer.
THOS. DONALDSON,
Judge THOS. R. ELCOCK,
M. M. GILLAM,
M. P. HANDY, *President.*
J. H. HEVERIN,
T. M. JACKSON,
B. K. JAMISON,
JAS. H. LAMBERT,

W. H. LEX,
Col. WM. LUDLOW,
R. W. MERRILL,
W. B. MERRILL,
L. N. MEGARGEE,
O. E. MCCLELLAN,
A. K. MCCLURE,
THOS. POTTER, Jr.,
GEORGE G. PIERIE,
RUFUS E. SHAPLEY,
CHAS. EMORY SMITH,
J. R. WOOD.

NON-RESIDENT MEMBERS.

Capt. R. C. CLIPPERTON,
British Consul.
Col. B. FRANK ESHLEMAN,
Lancaster, Pa.
CHAS. BURDETT HART,
Wheeling, W. Va.
W. U. HENSEL,
Lancaster Intelligencer.
SENOR RAFAEL VARRIOS, Mexican Consul.

Paymaster M. C. MACDONALD,
U. S. N.
General W. H. MACCARTNEY,
Wilkesbarre.
Col. JOHN A. MCCAULL,
New York.
F. A. RICHARDSON,
Washington, D. C.

HONORARY MEMBERS.

Hon. H. H. BINGHAM,
DANIEL DOUGHERTY, Esq.,

Hon. HENRY M. HOYT,
SOL SMITH RUSSELL.









who spreads the fair fame of the Clover by special trains and similar "caprices," and wears well the high coronet of good men's esteem. Draw once more, the prize is the sweet-voiced singer who charms a wonder in all ears—

The soft spring
Chides not the pebbles that disturb her course
With sweeter murmur—

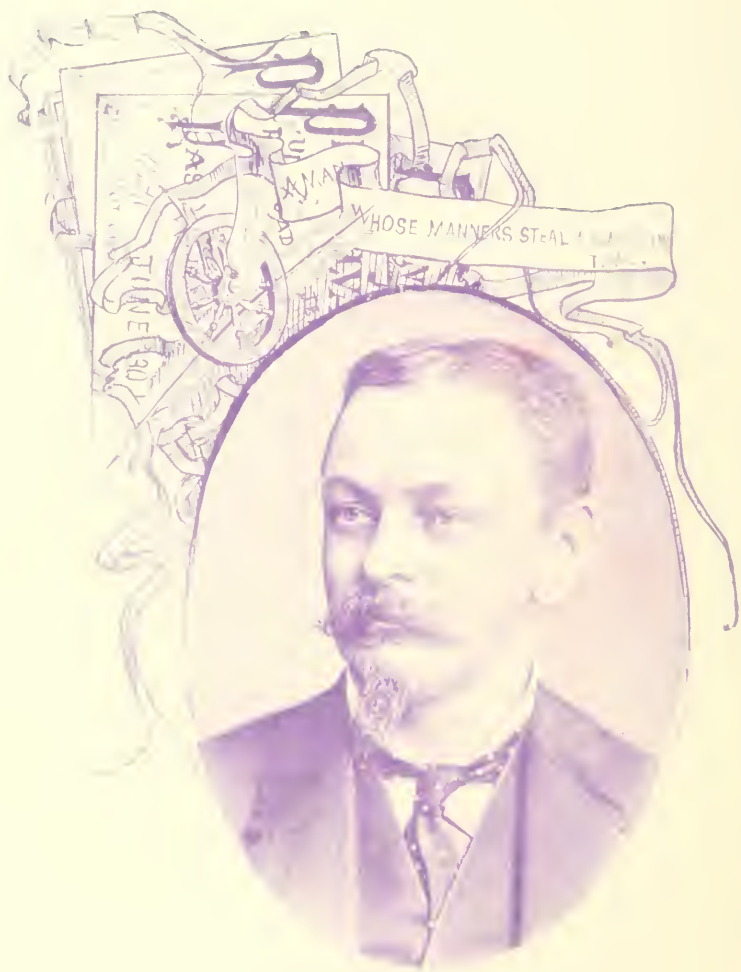
and adds to many an hour a brighter glow, a more fervid memory. Finally, for could all the men be told in type mosaic a library were necessary, the Club's wise providence in membership is again demonstrated in the face of him who makes current a nation's currency.





The Guests.







HE WHO WITH A VOICE
SINGS HIS REVEREND
MAY THE WORLD



THE Clover Club was born with hospitality for a nurse. By the time it was a month old it had twice demonstrated one of the prime purposes of its existence. It was started to entertain, and it has never departed from so wise a course. Time has proved hospitality to be a *bonne* of the rarest order.

Blest be that spot, where cheerful guests retire
To pause from toil, and trim their evening fire ;

Blest that rare board that has no seat for care,
Yet every stranger finds a ready chair.

Blest be those feasts with joyous plenty crown'd,
Where all the Clover family around

Laugh at the jests or pranks that never fail,
Or join th' applause that greets the well-told tale,

Or press the honored stranger to his food,
And learn the luxury of doing good.





The right hand of good-fellowship has in the two years of the Club's existence been extended to the following blossoms from other fields than ours:—

Geo. W. Arundel,
W. T. Adreon,
W. Anderson,
Rudf. Aaronson,
J. H. Alexander,
Hon. Felipe Arellano,
Louis Aldrich,
Prof. E. T. Bristoe,
Lawrence Barrett,
Serjeant Ballantine,
Gen. J. A. Beaver,
Hon. H. H. Bingham,
Count Bozenta,
Maj. J. Henry Behan,
Dr. C. C. Bombaugh,
E. C. Brown,
E. J. Buckley,
Harry Blynn,
E. Brainerd,
Dr. Bradley,

Hon. Geo. H. Boker,
Chas. F. Berwind,
John W. Bailey,
Wharton Barker,
F. M. Brooke,
H. C. Burchard,
W. P. Blake,
Chas. W. Brooke,
Frank Briscoe,
H. De C. Brolasky,
Geo. C. Boniface, Jr.,
J. D. O'Bryan,
Col. Sam'l Ball,
J. T. Boyle,
Jno. G. Brenner,
T. Hewson Bradford,
Gen. H. T. C. Collis,
Att.-Gen. L. C. Cassidy,
Gen. W. H. MacCartney,
Hon. J. R. McCammon,





Page McCarty,
W. J. Comley,
Geo. L. McCahon,
Geo. Cramp,
Frank Clements,
Col. J. A. McCaull,
J. R. Claghorn,
Wm. P. Copeland,
Joseph McCall,
J. S. MacCartney,
Geo. A. Cotton,
Jno. McClure,
Ex-Gov. A. G. Curtiu,
Hon. T. V. Cooper,
Capt. R. J. Cook,
C. A. Chizzola,
George Crump,
Jno. McCutcheon,
Bartley Campbell,
J. G. McCann,
Chas. H. Cramp,
Wm. Carleton,
Geo. D. McCreary,
J. W. Coplestone,
Nath. E. Childs,
Col. R. P. Dechert,
H. C. Disston,
Hamilton Disston,
Geo. E. Deacon,

Geo. De Haven,
Dr. C. F. MacDonald,
Hon. S. B. Dick,
Gwynne Donaldson,
H. E. Dixey,
G. Drouin,
W. W. Dudley,
Adj.-Gen. R. C. Drum,
L. Clarke Davis,
H. R. Deacon,
Chas. A. Dougherty,
Hon. R. A. Elmer,
Adam Everly,
Dr. Chas. J. Essig,
T. N. Ely,
Hon. M. F. Elliott,
J. B. Ecclesine,
Hon. S. B. Elkins,
Sol. Foster, Jr.,
Geo. W. Fairman,
Ensign Fuller,
Jas. M. Ferguson,
Dixon Fullerton,
Thos. Fraser,
Jas. D. Fish,
Wm. J. Florence,
Geo. S. Graham,
John Gallagher,
Dr. F. H. Getchell,





C. A. Griscom,
Prof. J. E. Garrettson,
N. C. Goodwin, Jr.,
Dr. S. M. Gross,
Hon. Malcolm Hay,
Gen. Huidekoper,
Hon. A. D. Hazen,
Aug. Heaton,
Clarence Hart,
W. U. Hensell,
Gen. J. R. Hawley,
Ex.-Gov. J. F. Hartraft,
Col. E. B. Hackett,
Frank Hatton,
Jas. M. Hall,
Hugh Hastings, Jr.,
A. H. Hoeckley,
Wm. F. Harrity,
Judge Wm. Haydon,
Hon. Geo. Hoadley,
Granville B. Haines,
J. H. Haverly,
A. G. Hetherington,
W. H. Hartman,
Thos. Hovenden,
Henry Howe,
C. C. Isaacs,
Henry Irving,
Howard M. Jenkins,

W. H. Johnstone,
E. Harper Jeffries,
J. R. Jones,
Tom Karl,
J. E. Kingsley,
E. F. Kingsley,
H. F. Keenan,
Judge Kirkpatrick,
J. J. McKenna,
Prof. J. J. Kelly,
Hon. J. J. Knox,
A. J. Kauffman,
Wm. W. Ker,
Geo. P. Lathrop,
Dr. J. G. Lee,
T. J. Lindsay,
W. E. Littleton,
David H. Lane,
Fred Lovejoy,
Dr. T. G. Lawver,
Herbert Lowery,
F. McLaughlin, Jr.,
Jas. Lewis,
Jules Levy,
F. A. Lister,
Fred Leslie,
Chas. Lawrence,
C. G. Leland,
J. Beaufoy Lane,





H. W. Marston,
Jos. D. Murphy,
Col. Miliken,
Chas. A. Mendum,
Peter Moran,
Chief-Justice Ulysses Mercur,
Col. M. R. Mucklé,
E. J. Matthews,
John St. Maur,
Thos. J. Morrell,
Jno. A. Mackey,
F. A. Marden,
Wm. Mallory,
Marcus R. Mayer,
E. Coppée Mitchell,
Morton McMichael,
M. C. Nickerson,
Col. A. W. Norris,
Col. H. C. Nutt,
Wm. M. Neall,
John Norris,
Dr. Neall,
R. G. Oellers,
Henry M. Pitt,
Ex-Att'y-Gen. Palmer,
J. H. Parker,
W. E. Patton,
Ex-Gov. W. J. Pollock,
Chas. E. Pugh,

E. W. Peet,
E. T. Postlethwaite,
E. A. Perry,
Harry Pepper,
Malcolm Peters,
R. P. Porter,
E. D. Price,
W. H. Ruby,
F. A. Richardson,
H. J. Ramsdell,
W. W. Reisinger,
Prof. De P. Ricketts,
Judge W. A. Richardson,
R. B. Risk,
W. J. Roney,
L. P. Richardson,
Hon. S. J. Randall,
A. R. Roberts,
Sir Randall Roberts,
Wm. M. Singerly,
Col. W. F. Shaffer,
Col. A. L. Snowden,
J. H. Shakespeare,
Chas. T. Sisco,
W. H. Shyrock,
Winthrop Smith,
J. S. Semon,
F. B. Schell,
Tomaso Salvini,





NO. 1. ANNUAL EXHIBITION.

“HE'S A GENTLEMAN
AND A FRIEND OF
OURS”



This is the record—a proud record for so young an organization! It would almost induce the belief that were such customs and such entertainers more numerous, Death would throw away his calendar and become careless, and the life of man would no longer be a winter way.





The Customs.





IF hospitality was the nurse of the Clover Club, originality was its God-mother. In the career upon which it entered, custom in its literal sense

That takes from us the privilege
To be ourselves

was discarded, and no rules adopted that savored of formality or foolishness. The membership was limited to thirty active, ten non-resident, and ten honorary members. Guests were limited to two invited by the Club, and about ten invited by the members at members' expense. These limitations were





wisely designed in order that no unwieldiness should be a result of popularity, and at no dinner should the Club be so large as to prevent a conversation from being general. The dinner committee is always interdicted from ordering an expensive dinner; and as members pay for their own wines, the Club-life does not mean to the unwealthy members absolute discomfort, as so often is apt to be the case.

The Club dines every fourth Thursday of the year, with the exception of the Thursdays that fall in July and August, at five o'clock in the afternoon, and at the Hotel





Bellevue. This is often enough, the hour is convenient, and the place is unsurpassed. The Club has no other organization than that necessary for good-fellowship and hospitality.

At the monthly dinners the Club gathers about a table cunningly fashioned in the shape of a four-leaf clover, and after the oysters the president, standing, drinks the health of "Our Guests" in the loving cup,—a cup of beaten silver inwrought with golden clover-leaves, and adorned with the symbolic arms of the Club, and its motto,—

While we live, we live in Clover;
When we die, we die all over.

The cup was presented by Thos. Potter, Jr.





When not circling the board and drawing tighter the bands of friendship that so subtly are weaving the years together, it rests upon a large silver gridiron, that figures in the arms,



decorated with the Club colors, red and blue. The guests drink from this cup standing, the Club members sitting.

A quaint little custom has, by the ingenuity of the Doctor, been woven about the enjoyment of the Club wine. If wine is good,





it needs to be drunk. Round the Clover board it is not neglected. Agreeing with an original edict of the lotos-eaters, which declares—

There are, if we do rightly think,
Five reasons why a man should drink:
Good wine, a friend, or being dry—
Or lest you should be by and by—
Or any other reason why,

and especially endorsing the fifth, the Clovers allow no opportunity to glide neglected into the past. The Past is little to them, the Present everything. So the peculiar significance of the word *now* arose, and whenever it is heard around the board, every goblet is raised and paid homage to. How ancient





this custom is (dating to about the year A. D. 55), is exemplified in the frontispiece to this recital,—a copy of a painting in the Judson Place Louvre.

Of the customs of speech and song and the customs of the commentators among the members, no words can well describe them. They can be only felt. Ere the coffee is reached, the flow of eloquence begins,

The happy hours pass by us unperceived,
So are our souls fixed to the soft enchantment,

and with it a war of wit is inaugurated, quick-sprung from the inflaming blood of generous grapes; yet it is gentle, wholesome, and not meant to more than “point a moral and adorn





a tale;" so it is generously received, and rarely falls on fallow ground.





The Babies.





CLOVER



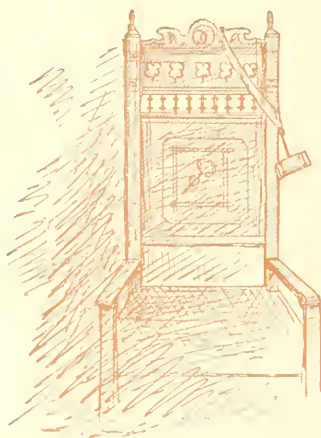
VERY early in the history of the Clover Club a great struggle to obtain admission to the charmed circle was begun by an impatient public. The forlorn three-leaved fellows of the world beyond began to wish, to worry, and to wait for the opening of the doors. Vacancies were few and far between. Only occasionally was there a prize to be had. Though the Club rule, that absence from three dinners without an excuse, worked a resignation, nobody resigned in this way ; the mellow light of the Club champagne tinting the clover-





buds was too potent to be overthrown by any counter charm.

Yet a few vacancies occurred. Each new member was inducted with more or less pomp and ceremony.



After a few meetings a baby chair and rattle were procured, and the ceremony partook more of an ovation. The chair is uncomfortable though





significant, and has been or should have been occupied by—

WILLIAM M. BUNN,	elected February, 1882.
JAMES H. HEVERIN,	" March, 1882.
LOUIS N. MEGARGEE,	" September, 1882.
THOMAS DONALDSON,	" October, 1882.
B. FRANK ESHLEMAN, N. R., . .	" November, 1882.
W. U. HENSEL, N. R.,	" March, 1883.
JAMES H. LAMBERT,	" March, 1883.
RUFUS SHAPLEY,	" September, 1883.
F. A. RICHARDSON, N. R., . .	" September, 1883.
W. W. MACCARTNEY, N. R., . .	" September, 1883.
RAFAEL VARRIOS, N. R., . . .	" November, 1883.
JOHN A. MCCAULL, N. R., . .	" November, 1883.

Mr. McCaull is the present occupant, and his brother babies are now gray-headed in the Club history

There is yet another significance—a gen-





tlar one—connected with the baby membership of the Clovers. The Club takes babies under its special protection, and when a member becomes a happy father, the Clover Club donates a silver spoon to its new-won *protégé*, and an iron spoon to the grim parent. The custom has been blessed in much merriment, and the babies,

Whose cries
Are stilled with rattles and fond lullabies,

bear these names:—

CORA MCCLURE HANDY,	born January 15th, 1882.
ETHEL CLOVER HEVERIN,	" January 2d, 1883.
ULYSSES MERCUR ESILLEMAN, .	" March 9th, 1883.
BRADFORD MERRILL,	" June 27th, 1883.
REGINA MARIE MEGARGEY, . .	" June 29th, 1883.
LOUISE CLOVER BOLDT,	" October 31st, 1883.





It is gratifying to note, in this connection,
that the protecting *ægis* of the Clover Club
has brought to these cherubs a golden touch
of life, as in them all

The pulse beats music, and the lively blood
Danceth an healthful measure.





The Seasons.







In the Spring.

Clover, green and new and sweet,
Warmed by earth's returning heat,

Hear my greeting now to thee,
With the Spring's own poesie.

I remain thy vot'ry true,
And thy wildwood paths pursue ;

So then, Clover, do thou deign
Let me stay among thy train,

Pleased e'er with thee to meet
In this gentle rural seat,

Where I gladsome oft survey
Nature in her best array :

Woods and lawns and streams between
Fields of grain and hedges green,

Fallow grounds of tawny hue,
Distant hills and mountains blue ;





While in pastures rich below,
'Mong the grazing cattle, slow
Moves the bull, with heavy tread,
Hanging down his lumpish head,
And the carpet 'neath his feet
Sports a thousand leaves as sweet
As the rarest of perfumes,
As the coming Clover blooms.







In the Summer.

When soft the crimson-tinted East
Makes promise true of coming feast ;
And when the sun in splendor dressed,
Lights up the waters of the West ;
And when the whirling bird on high
Shrill pipes the anthem of the sky,—
'Tis then my heart, oh, Clover sweet,
Forsakes its couch thy face to greet !
Now, gnarled cedars on the crest,
Full sleeping in the Summer rest,
Bend soft above thy tempered green,
And stay the winds that blow atween :
For that thy blossom's ripest power
May rich embalm the noontide hour,
For each, the toilers on the strand,
In this late Summer's Clover-land :





While still upborne on breeze along
Rises the Ocean's ceaseless song,
That, heard upon this sand-strown shore,
When England's first ambassador
Grounded his keel, and knew that care
Was dead in this, the Wanderer's prayer.
Now, o'er the bosom of the bay
There comes the march of fading day ;
And sunset's melting heart of gold—
That seems so many ages old—
In molten rays, on either hand,
Falls soft as sleep on Clover-land ;
While pure the South wind brings perfumes,
Heart stolen from the Clover-blooms.







In the Autumn.

Soon as the evening clouds have shed
Translucent store on earth's sad bed,
And through their flowing mantles thin,
Clear azure spots of sky are seen,
I quit the clover-scented bower
To know the boon of new-fallen shower,
To pace the corn-field's grassy edge
Close by the long-blown brier hedge :
I see at every sere leaf's end
The pearly drops of rain depend,
And fresh the earthy fragrance round
Arises from the moistened ground :
While the rude cawing of the crows,
Down-borne on every wind that blows,
Comes with the wild-eyed swallow's flight—
That seems a dusk athwart the light—





Down where the winding paths are seen,
The stately pines and elms between ;
And points the hand, so stern and sere,
That tells the waning of the year.
Yet still afar, on fields outspread,
The Clover nods its purple head,
And green invades each changing path—
The sweetest summer aftermath—
And kisses soft the chilling breath,
Gray Autumn's incense, Autumn death.







In the Winter.

The wind-whipt fields that weeks ago
Knew not the march of Winter, slow,
And still were mantled brown and green,
Now covered are by Winter's sheen.

The Clover-blossom from our sight
All hidden lies 'neath snow-blooms white :

Yet it uprears its purple face
Within a well-appointed place,
Where is Health, with ruddiest cheek,
And lively air and visage meek,

Attended is as wont to be,
By all her jolly company !

Ah ! there the windows, glowing bright,
Cast forth afar a pleasing light,
Borrowed from clouds of scarlet dye,
Just as the sun did leave the sky :





And there in Clover let me meet
The vial touched by fingers neat,
With my quick soul attuned to hear
The voice harmonious, sweet, and clear.
Nor shall the rarest converse fail
To each in well-devised tale ;
And stories linked, to twist a chain
That may awhile old Time detain,
And make him rest upon his scythe,
Content to see the hours so blithe :
While with a truly welcome face
The Clover, sovereign of the place,
Quick wins the heart of every guest
By courteous deeds ; and all contest
Which shall readiest homage show,
And which give most what hearts bestow.





L'Envoi.

DEAR CLOVER-BLOSSOM :—Adieu for another twelvemonth. Pardon the presumptions of the course I have led you ; the pitfalls of my prose intentions ; the slips of my pencil ; the tricks of my half-wise muse. At every turn almost I have been tempted to exclaim—

But hold ! this is too high a flight :
I fear we both shall come to shame :
Return, my muse, whilst we have light ;
I am half-blind, and you are lame.

FINIS.



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